

I walk by

the kids from Germantown Friends School
in their ragbag jeans and sweatshirts,
private-school assured. I grew up

in New Haven, much shyer, where
Yankees looked down

a long, long nose at
Irish and Italians--

"Harps and Ghinnies" in that time's
idiom--meaning

"Steer right you little
proletarian bastards!"